MARVEL
DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
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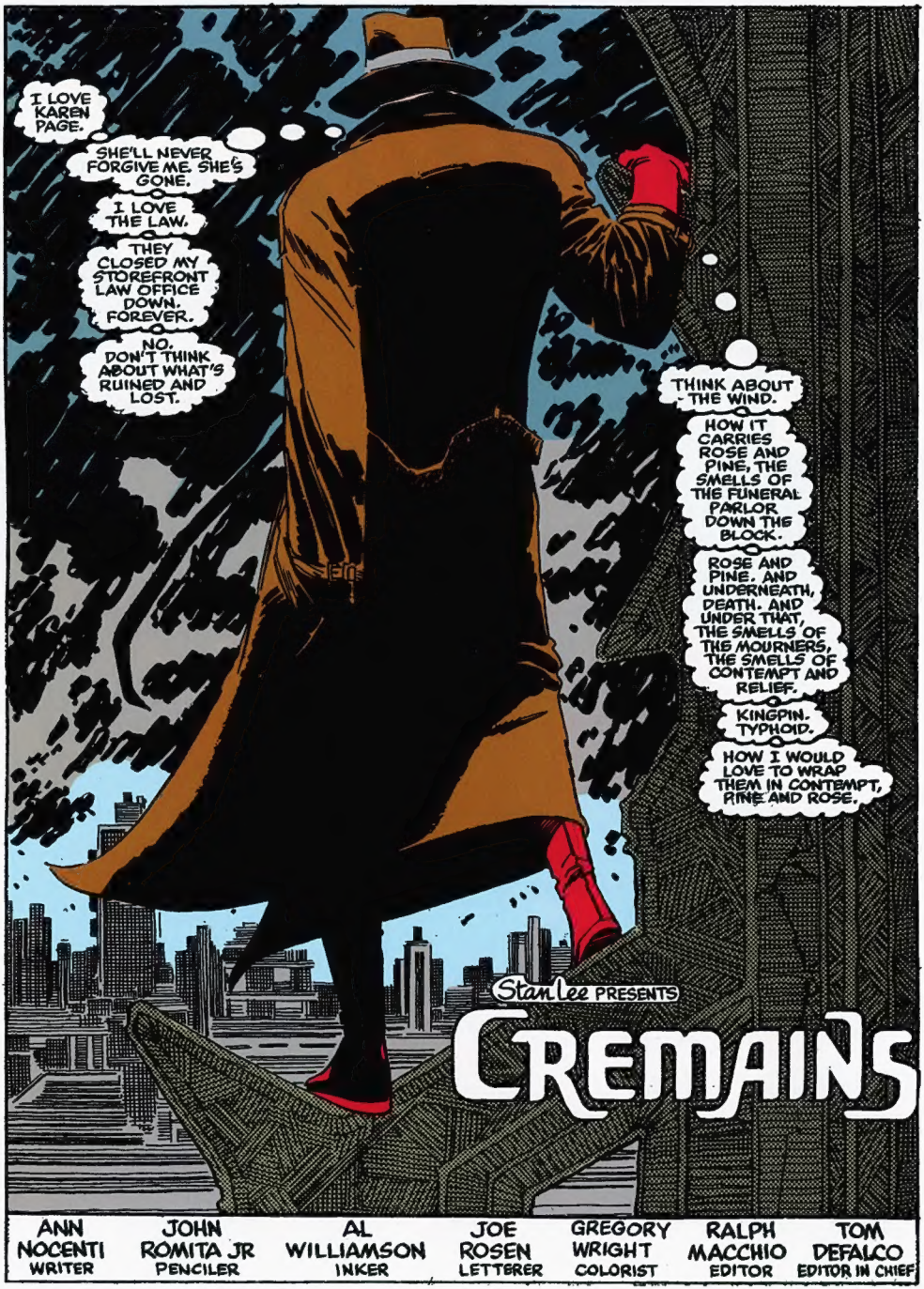
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE
AUTHORITY
JR JR & AW



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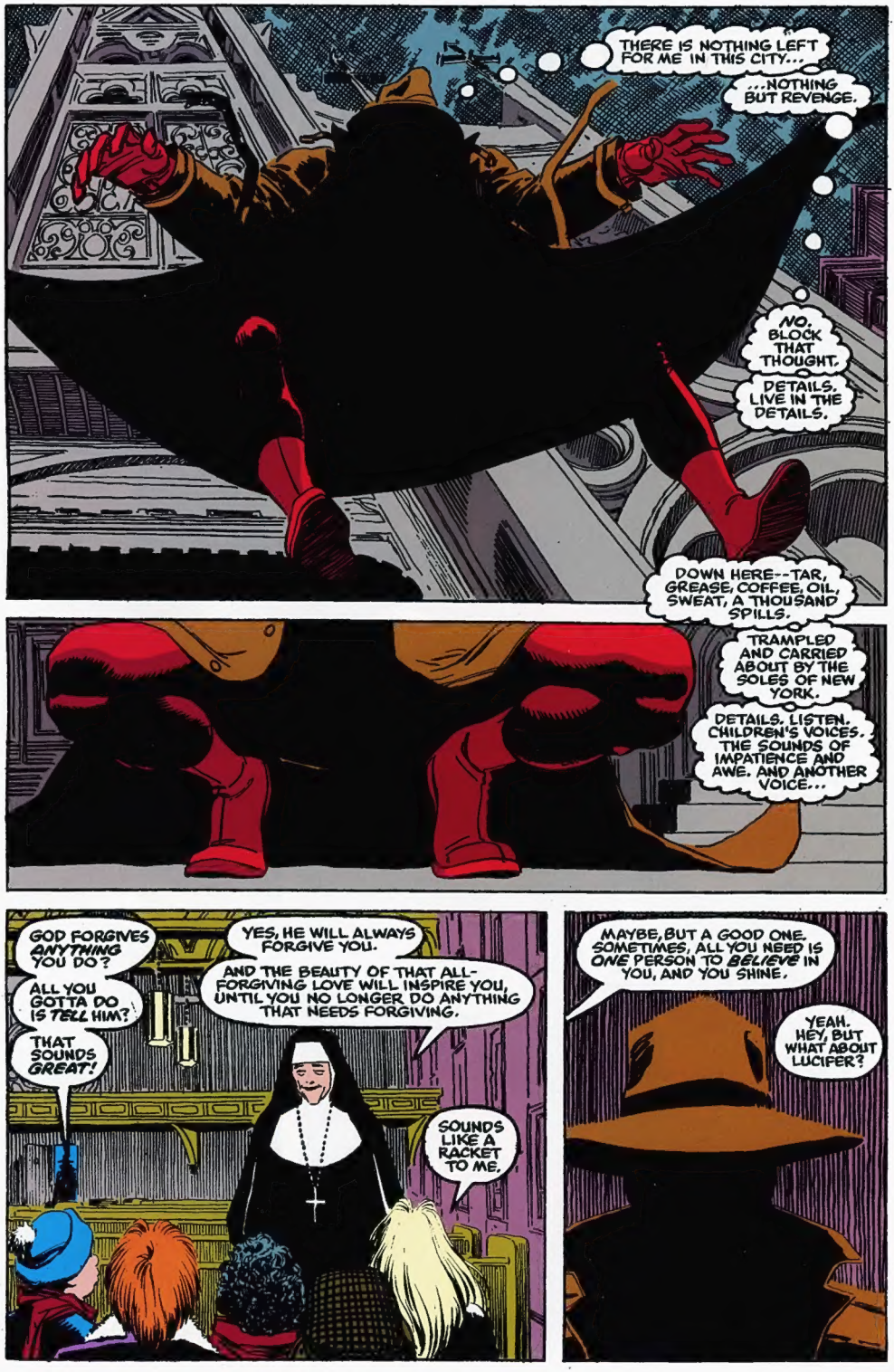
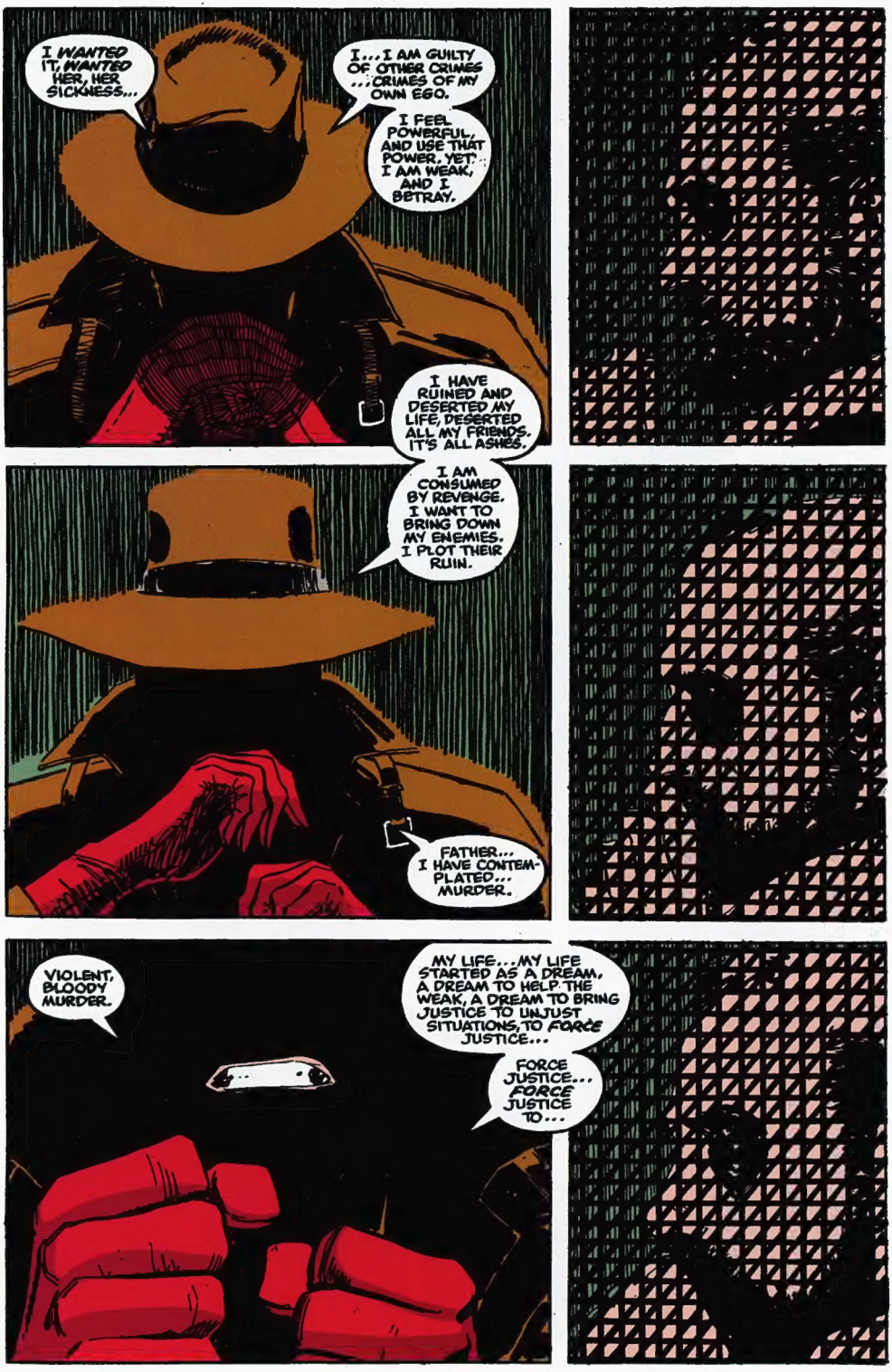

THERE IS NOTHING LEFT FOR ME IN THIS CITY...
...NOTHING BUT REVENGE.
NO. BLOCK THAT THOUGHT.
DETAILS. LIVE IN THE DETAILS.
DOWN HERE--TAR, GREASE, COFFEE, OIL, SWEAT, A THOUSAND SPILLS.
TRAMPLED AND CARRIED ABOUT BY THE SOLES OF NEW YORK.
DETAILS. LISTEN. CHILDREN'S VOICES. THE SOUNDS OF IMPATIENCE AND AWE. AND ANOTHER VOICE...
GOD FORGIVES *ANYTHING* YOU DO?
ALL YOU GOTTA DO IS *TELL* HIM?
THAT SOUNDS *GREAT!*
YES, HE WILL ALWAYS FORGIVE YOU.
AND THE BEAUTY OF THAT ALL-FORGIVING LOVE WILL INSPIRE YOU, UNTIL YOU NO LONGER DO ANYTHING THAT NEEDS FORGIVING.
SOUNDS LIKE A RACKET TO ME.
MAYBE, BUT A GOOD ONE. SOMETIMES, ALL YOU NEED IS *ONE* PERSON TO *BELIEVE* IN YOU, AND YOU SHINE.
YEAH. HEY, BUT WHAT ABOUT LUCIFER?

GOD HAD THE ANGELS BOOT HIM OFF THE CLOUD AND OUT OF HEAVEN! POW! ZOOM!
HE'S TOO BAD TO BE FORGIVEN!
GOD'S LOVE EMBRACES EVEN LUCIFER.
THEN HE'S STUPID!
SISTER?
SISTER MAGGIE? WHATSA--!
OOOH!
GOSH!
DON'T BE AFRAID, CHILDREN.
DON'T FEAR THIS MAN.
WELCOME.
IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU.
MAGGIE...
I WANT TO...
THERE'S SOMETHING I...
I NEED TO TALK.
OF COURSE YOU DO.
HE'S WAITING.

RUSTLING, STIFF, STARCHED CLOTH. ONE HUMBLE HEARTBEAT. HE'S IN THERE.
SMELLS OF INCENSE, OF PIETY. HOLIER THAN THOU. HOLY WATER? NO. PLAIN OLD TAP WATER.
CRUMBLED HOST, SPILLED WINE ON HIS ROBES. PLAIN FLOUR AND WATER. STORE BOUGHT, INEXPENSIVE WINE. HIS BODY, HIS BLOOD.
SSHHUK!
FATHER...
FORGIVE ME FATHER... FOR I HAVE SINNED. IT HAS BEEN... MANY, MANY YEARS SINCE MY LAST CONFESSION.
I HAVE... OVER THE YEARS, USED MY FISTS TO GET WHAT I WANT.
I HAVE BEATEN MANY MEN.
JUST RECENTLY, I BETRAYED THE WOMAN I LOVE.
THERE WAS THIS... THIS OTHER WOMAN...
THIS CREATURE... THIS TYPHOID, THIS PLAGUE, THIS SICKNESS...


I WANTED IT, WANTED HER, HER SICKNESS...
I...I AM GUILTY OF OTHER CRIMES ...CRIMES OF MY OWN EGO.
I FEEL POWERFUL, AND USE THAT POWER, YET I AM WEAK, AND I BETRAY.
I HAVE RUINED AND DESERTED MY LIFE, DESERTED ALL MY FRIENDS. IT'S ALL ASHES.
I AM CONSUMED BY REVENGE. I WANT TO BRING DOWN MY ENEMIES. I PLOT THEIR RUIN.
FATHER... I HAVE CONTEMPLATED... MURDER.
VIOLENT, BLOODY MURDER.
MY LIFE...MY LIFE STARTED AS A DREAM, A DREAM TO HELP THE WEAK, A DREAM TO BRING JUSTICE TO UNJUST SITUATIONS, TO FORCE JUSTICE...
FORCE JUSTICE... FORCE JUSTICE TO...

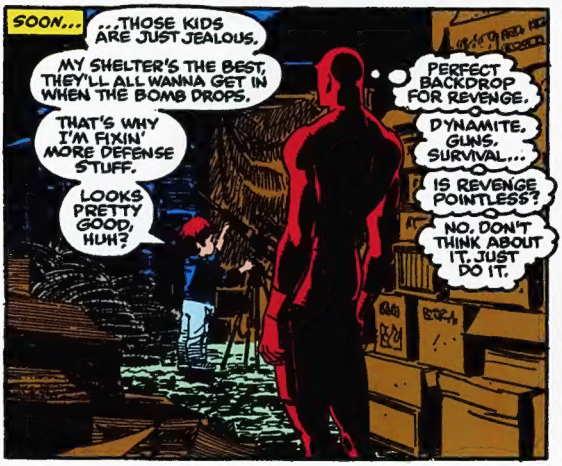
I JUST WANT TO BEAT JUSTICE, BEAT AWAY EVERYONE THAT HAS RUINED MY LIFE.
MY SON, I'M SURE THERE IS MUCH GOOD IN YOU THAT YOU ARE LEAVING OUT RIGHT NOW.
AND GOD IS VERY FORGIVING...
BUT YOU MUST CONTROL THESE URGES TO HURT...
I CAN'T!
AND I CAN'T BE FORGIVEN!
HALE
LET ME PASS!
NOT TILL YOU TAKE OFF THAT MASK!
I HEAR YOU LIVE IN A RAT HOLE!
I HEAR YOU LIVE ALONE LIKE A RODENT!
TAKE IT OFF!
TAKE IT OFF!
TAKE IT OFF!
ELEPHANT FACE!
LET'S BEAT IT OFF!
I'D LEAVE HIM ALONE--

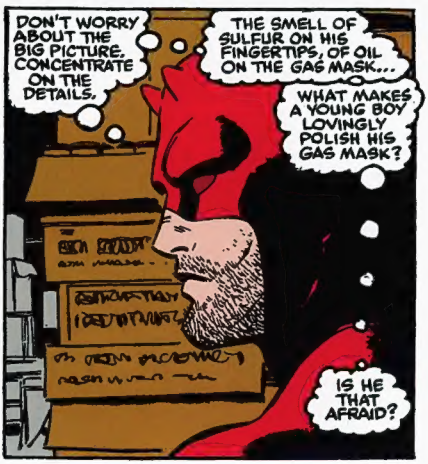
--AND FAST.
ULP.
WOAH.
GEEZ... DAREDEVIL!

LANCE--
--YOU KNOW HIM?!

I KNOW A LOT OF PEOPLE.

THANKS.


SOON...
...THOSE KIDS ARE JUST JEALOUS.
MY SHELTER'S THE BEST. THEY'LL ALL WANNA GET IN WHEN THE BOMB DROPS.
THAT'S WHY I'M FIXIN' MORE DEFENSE STUFF.
LOOKS PRETTY GOOD, HUH?
PERFECT BACKDROP FOR REVENGE.
DYNAMITE. GUNS. SURVIVAL...
IS REVENGE POINTLESS?
NO. DON'T THINK ABOUT IT. JUST DO IT.

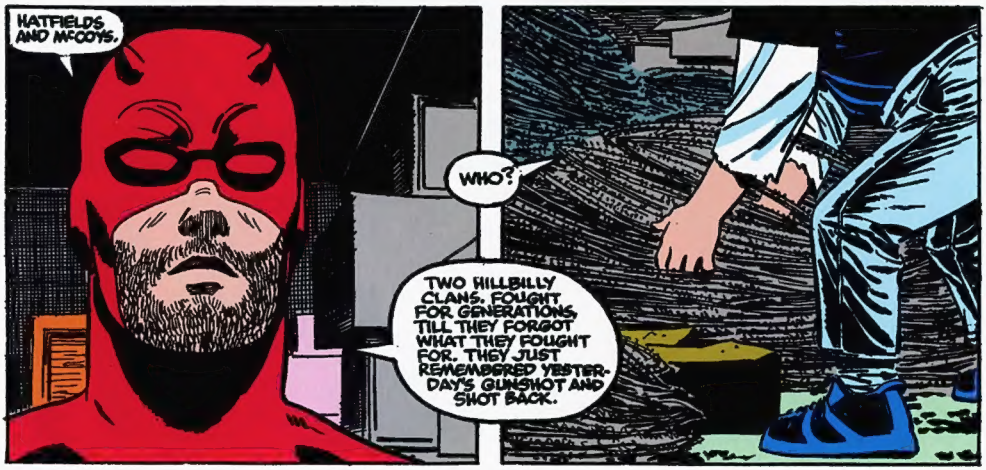

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE BIG PICTURE. CONCENTRATE ON THE DETAILS.
THE SMELL OF SULFUR ON HIS FINGERTIPS, OF OIL ON THE GAS MASK...
WHAT MAKES A YOUNG BOY LOVINGLY POLISH HIS GAS MASK?
IS HE THAT AFRAID?

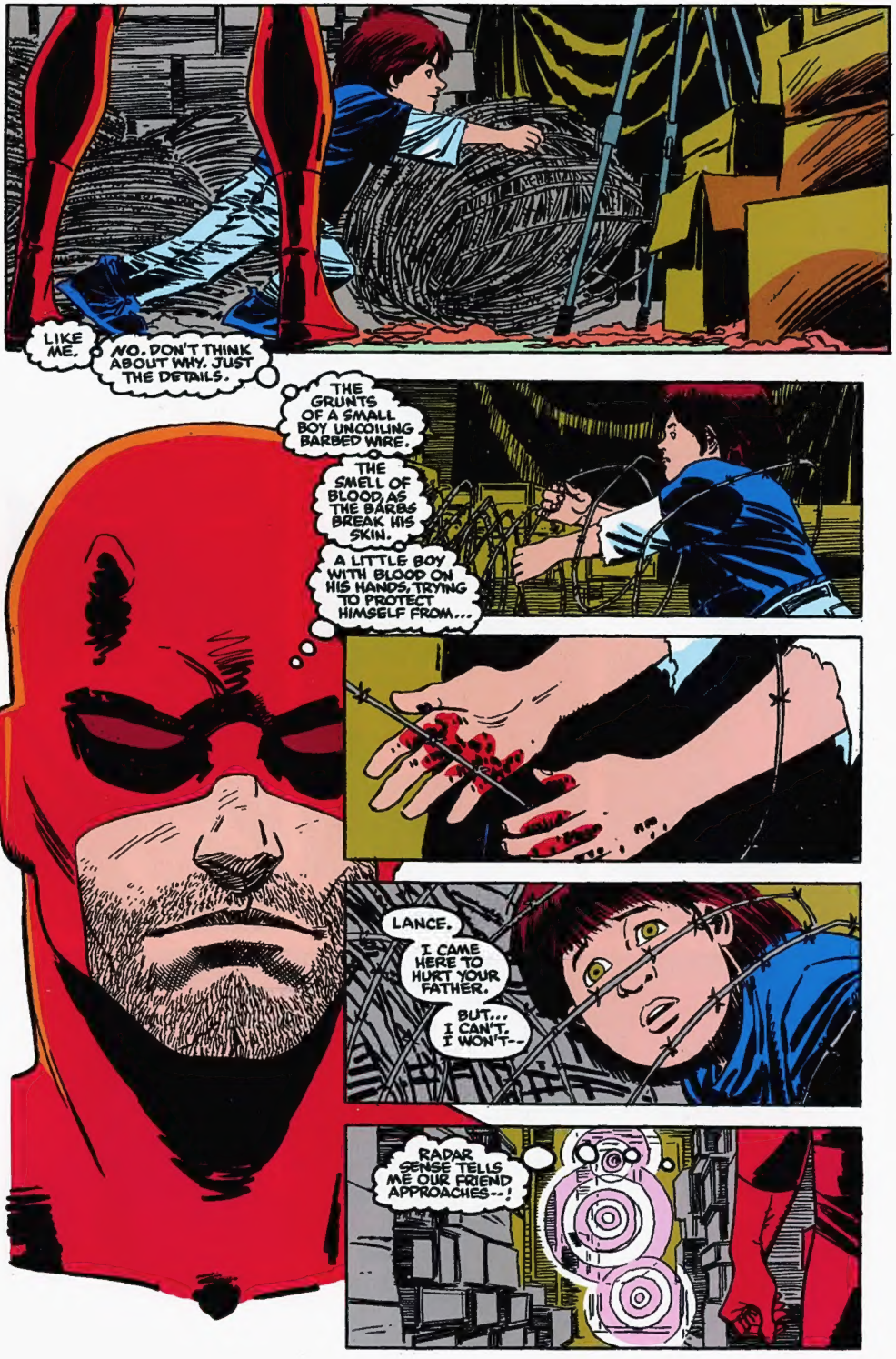
HE'S FIXING THE GUN MOUNT WITH BUBBLE GUM. BUBBLE GUM.
BUBBLE GUM FOR GUN MOUNTS.
THE DETAILS. FORGET MEANING. CONCENTRATE ON DETAILS.
I'M JUST A BLINDMAN LIVING IN THE REALM OF THE SENSES.
I BET THIS GUY IS HERE TO KILL DAD.
SO YOU FOUGHT, MY DAD, AND NOW YOU'RE FRIENDS?
YOU GUYS DO THE SAME STUFF. YOU BOTH FIGHT CRIME. YOU BUYS GONNA FIGHT CRIME TOGETHER?
YOUR DAD DOESN'T FIGHT CRIME. YOUR FATHER IS A PAID KILLER. HE'S NOTHING LIKE ME.

YOU KNOW, YOU CAN WAIT HERE IF YOU WANT, BUT SOMETIMES DAYS GO BY AND HE DON'T VISIT.
POP!
HE USED TO BE GONE MONTHS, TO OTHER COUNTRIES. THAT'S WHEN HE WAS POLITICAL.

BUT NOW HE SAYS ALL POLITICS IS JUST REVENGE.
LIKE THE IRA AND WHOEVER IT IS THEY FIGHT. AND THE MIDDLE EAST.

THOSE OIL GUYS AN' RELIGIOUS GUYS. EVERYBODY'S JUST GETTIN' BACK AT EACH OTHER FOR YESTERDAY'S MURDERS AND BOMBINGS. IT GOES ON FOREVER.
SO NOW DADDY FIGHTS MOSTLY FOR CASH. YOU TOO?


HATFIELDS AND McCOYS.
WHO?
TWO HILLBILLY CLANS. FOUGHT FOR GENERATIONS TILL THEY FORGOT WHAT THEY FOUGHT FOR. THEY JUST REMEMBERED YESTERDAY'S GUNSHOT AND SHOT BACK.


LIKE ME.
NO. DON'T THINK ABOUT WHY. JUST THE DETAILS.
THE GRUNTS OF A SMALL BOY UNCOILING BARBED WIRE.
THE SMELL OF BLOOD, AS THE BARBS BREAK HIS SKIN.
A LITTLE BOY WITH BLOOD ON HIS HANDS, TRYING TO PROTECT HIMSELF FROM...
LANCE.
I CAME HERE TO HURT YOUR FATHER.
BUT... I CAN'T. I WON'T--
RADAR SENSE TELLS ME OUR FRIEND APPROACHES--!

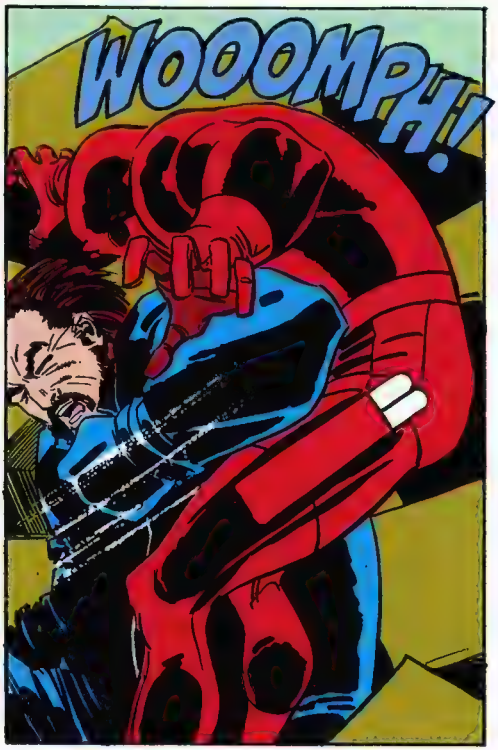
BA-THOOM!
GET AWAY FROM MY SON!

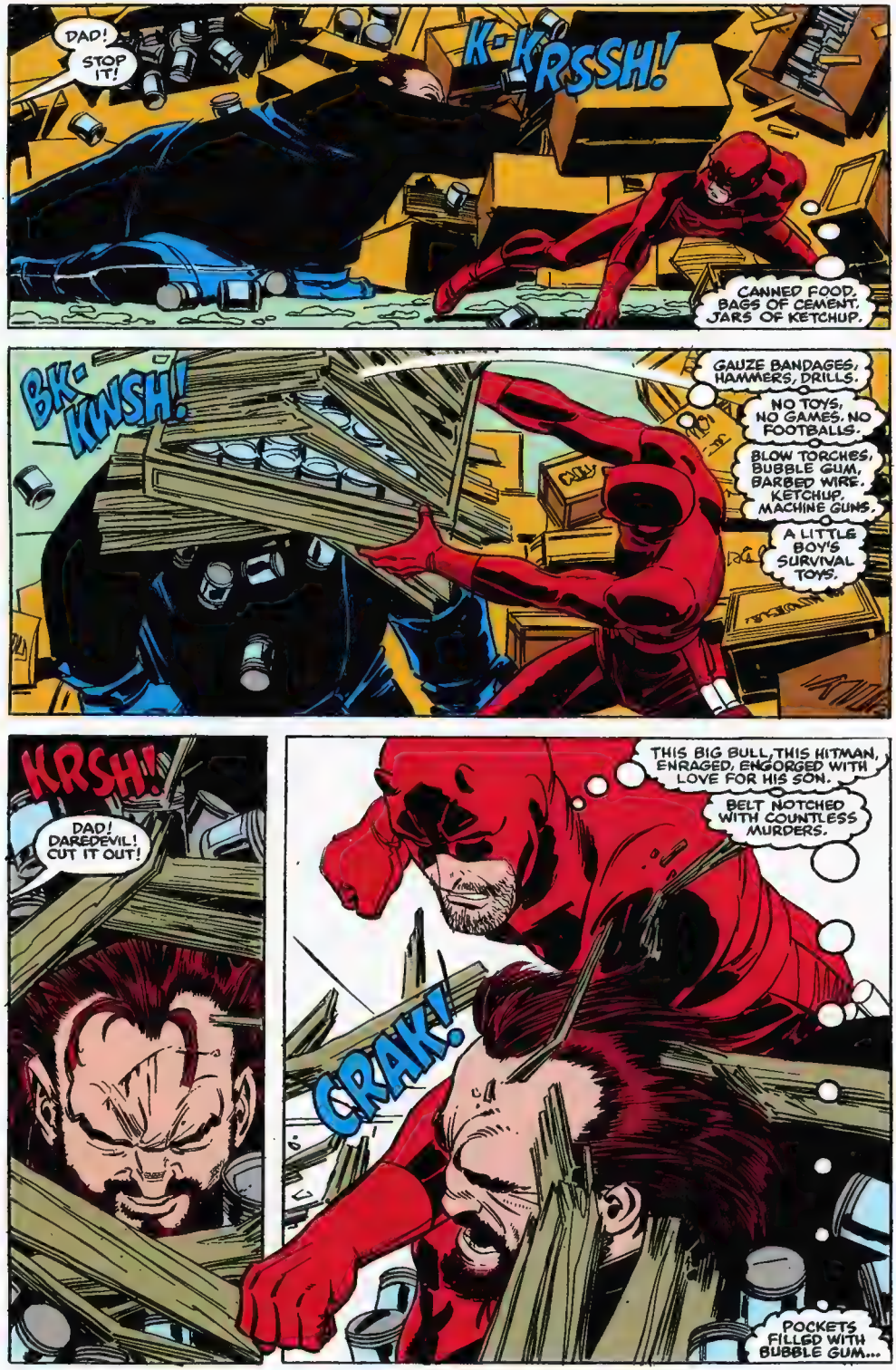
IF IT'S ME YOU WANT COME GET ME!
HIS HEART RATE IS AGITATED-- BULLET'S ACHILLES HEEL IS HIS SON.
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME HERE, DAREDEVIL!
YOU GOT ME ANGRY!
I HAD DECIDED AGAINST REVENGE.
BUT HERE WE ARE, FIGHTING.
WOOSH!

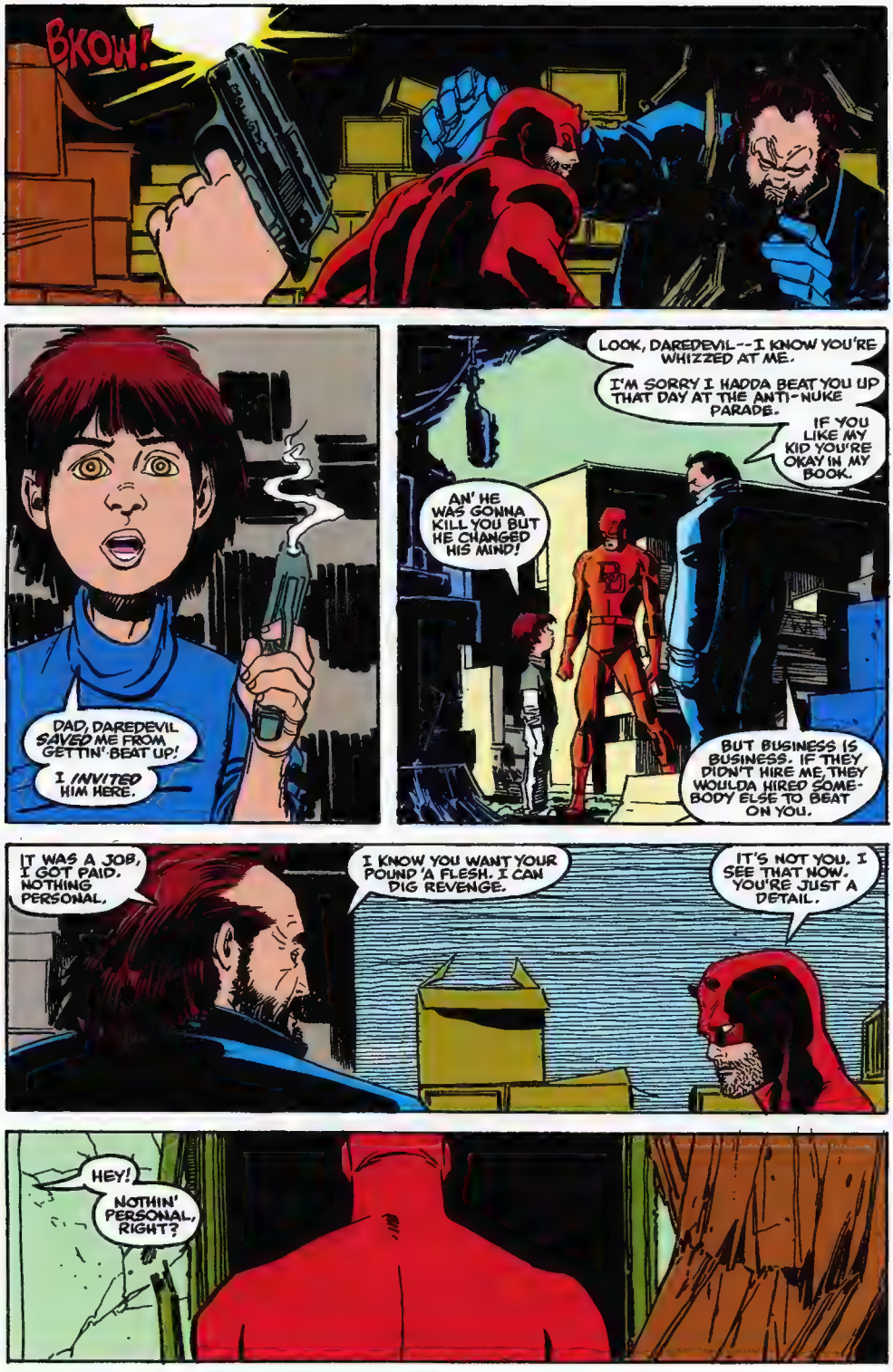
NO. DON'T THINK ABOUT WHY WE FIGHT.
JUST THE DETAILS. THE SMELL OF GUNPOWDER ON BULLET'S FINGERS.
THE BEER ON HIS BREATH.

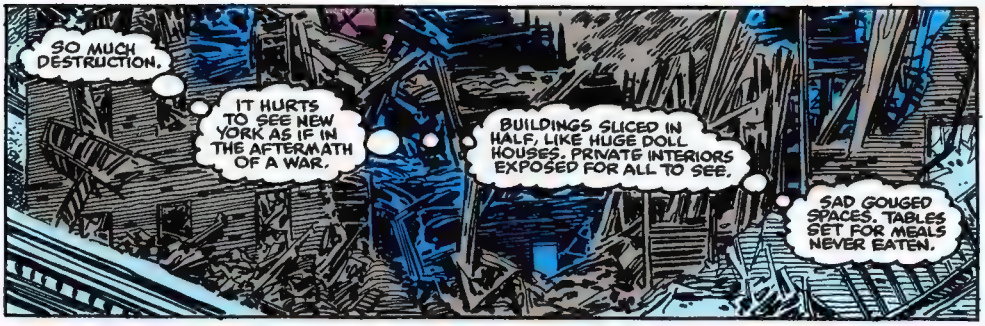
THE CANDY IN HIS POCKET, FOR LANCE.
BUBBLE GUM FOR GUN MOUNTS.

VOK!

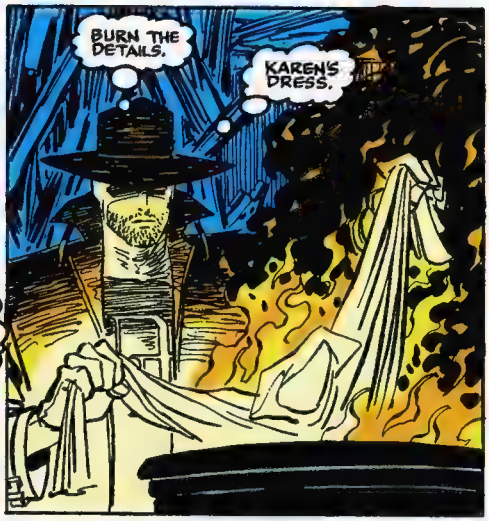

WOOOMPH!


DAD! STOP IT!
K-KRSSH!
CANNED FOOD. BAGS OF CEMENT. JARS OF KETCHUP.
BK-KWSH!
GAUZE BANDAGES, HAMMERS, DRILLS.
NO TOYS, NO GAMES. NO FOOTBALLS.
BLOW TORCHES, BUBBLE GUM, BARBED WIRE. KETCHUP. MACHINE GUNS.
A LITTLE BOY'S SURVIVAL TOYS.
KRSH!
DAD! DAREDEVIL! CUT IT OUT!
THIS BIG BULL, THIS HITMAN, ENRAGED, ENGORGED WITH LOVE FOR HIS SON.
BELT NOTCHED WITH COUNTLESS MURDERS.
CRAK!
POCKETS FILLED WITH BUBBLE GUM...


BKOW!
DAD, DAREDEVIL SAVED ME FROM GETTIN' BEAT UP!
I INVITED HIM HERE.
LOOK, DAREDEVIL--I KNOW YOU'RE WHIZZED AT ME.
I'M SORRY I HADDA BEAT YOU UP THAT DAY AT THE ANTI-NUKE PARADE.
IF YOU LIKE MY KID YOU'RE OKAY IN MY BOOK.
AN' HE WAS GONNA KILL YOU BUT HE CHANGED HIS MIND!
BUT BUSINESS IS BUSINESS. IF THEY DIDN'T HIRE ME, THEY WOULDA HIRED SOMEBODY ELSE TO BEAT ON YOU.
IT WAS A JOB, I GOT PAID. NOTHING PERSONAL.
I KNOW YOU WANT YOUR POUND 'A FLESH. I CAN DIG REVENGE.
IT'S NOT YOU. I SEE THAT NOW. YOU'RE JUST A DETAIL.
HEY!
NOTHIN' PERSONAL, RIGHT?


SO MUCH DESTRUCTION.
IT HURTS TO SEE NEW YORK AS IF IN THE AFTERMATH OF A WAR.
BUILDINGS SLICED IN HALF, LIKE HUGE DOLL HOUSES. PRIVATE INTERIORS EXPOSED FOR ALL TO SEE.
SAD GOUGED SPACES. TABLES SET FOR MEALS NEVER EATEN.

DEMOLISHED, ABANDONED LIVES.
ALL ON DISPLAY. THE PRIVATE MADE PUBLIC IN A SINGLE CRUEL MOMENT.
MY LIFE INCLUDED. NOTHING TO DO WITH THE REMAINS OF MY LIFE BUT BURN IT ALL.


BURN THE DETAILS.
KAREN'S DRESS.

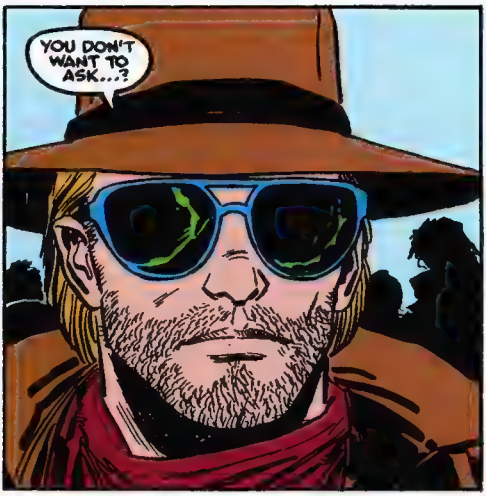
HER VOICE, HER TOUCH.

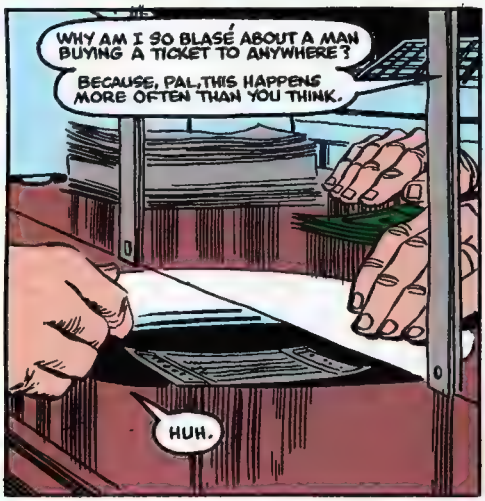
LAW BOOKS.

THE BILL OF RIGHTS IS A PIECE OF PAPER. IT BURNS LIKE ANYTHING ELSE.

YO MAN, WHATCHA DOIN'?
THIS IS A FUNERAL.
WHOSE FUNERAL?
MINE. I'M CREMATING MY REMAINS.
YOU FULL A' BULL, MAN.
TRUE.
LOOK--CAN I TAKE THE TV AN' STEREO? THEY WON'T BURN UP ANYWAYS.
BE MY GUEST. IT'S ALL YOURS. TAKE ANYTHING YOU WANT.
JUST DO ONE THING FOR ME.
WHEN THE FIRE DIES DOWN, TAKE MY ASHES...
...AND SCATTER THEM OVER THE STREETS OF HELL'S KITCHEN.
YOU'RE CRAZY, MAN.
YEAH, RIGHT. SCATTER YOUR ASHES. NO PROBLEM, WHITE BOY.
SOON...
THIRTY DOLLARS WORTH, NORTHBOUND.

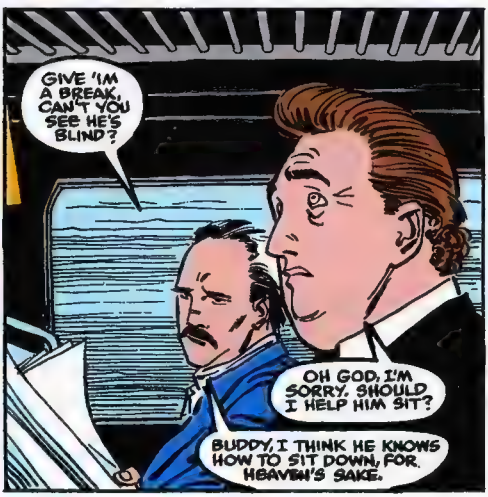
THAT'LL TAKE YOU UP THE HUDSON...ABOVE ALBANY.
FINE.

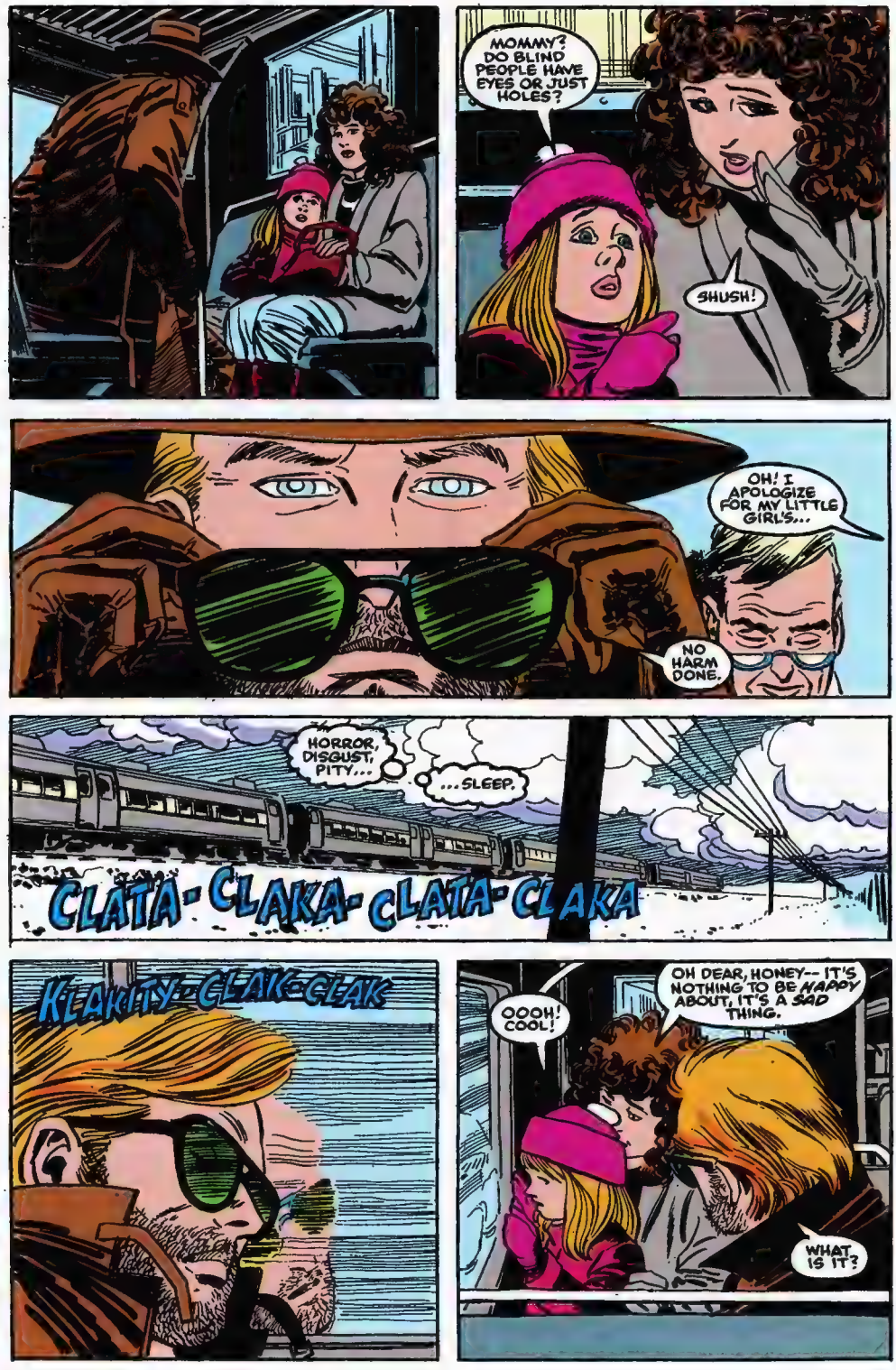

YOU DON'T WANT TO ASK...?


WHY AM I SO BLASÉ ABOUT A MAN BUYING A TICKET TO ANYWHERE?
BECAUSE, PAL, THIS HAPPENS MORE OFTEN THAN YOU THINK.
HUH.

DADDY, WHY'S THAT MAN WALKING FUNNY?
HUSH UP.
METAL. WOOD. AFTERSHAVE. IMPATIENCE.
TEN KINDS OF PLASTIC. EXHAUSTION.
A MAN BEHIND ME WITH BREAD IN HIS BAG, SWEAT ON HIS PALMS.

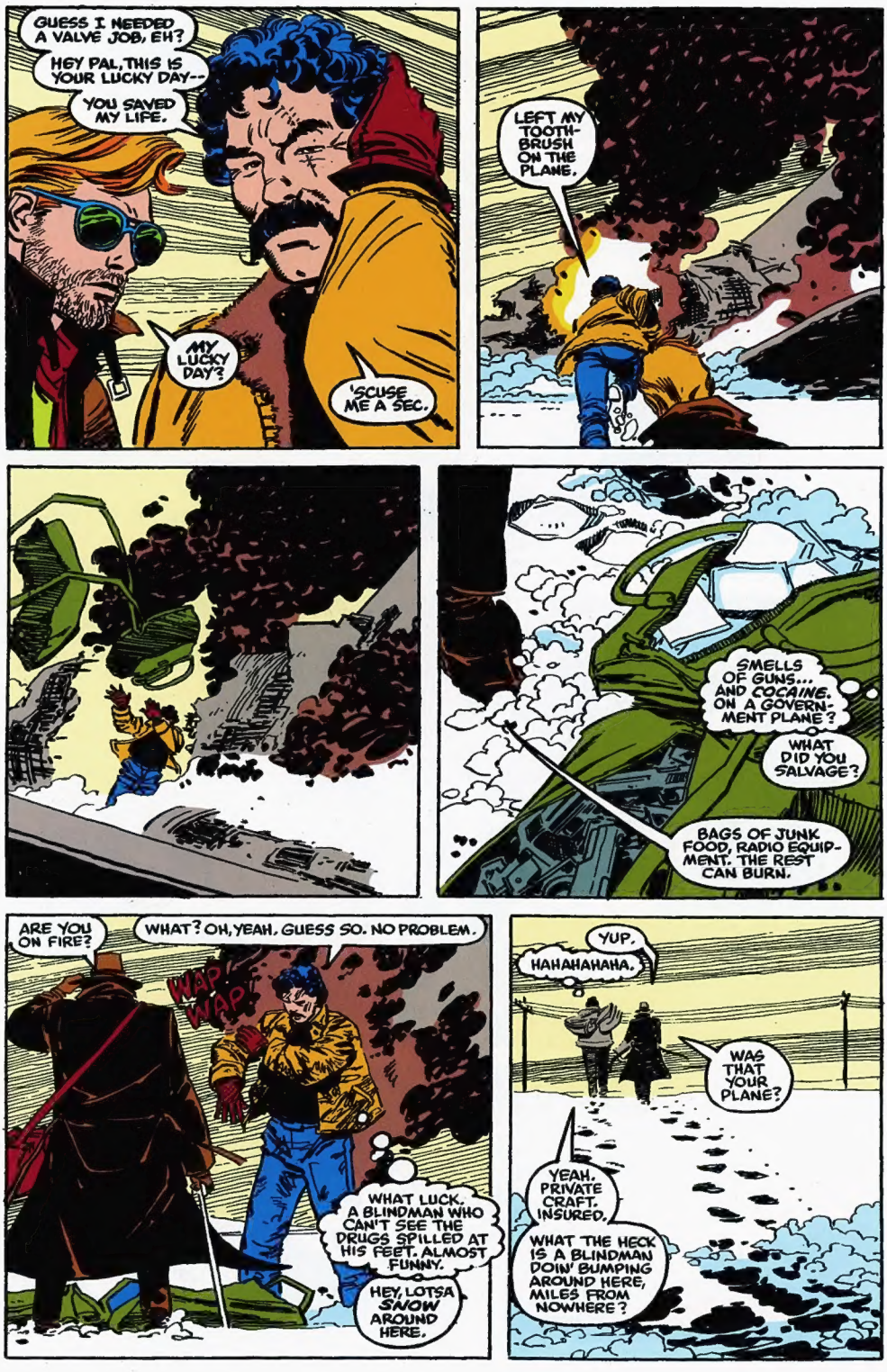
HEY WATCH IT! YOU RIPPED MY PAPER.
CIGARS. NEWSPRINT. PITY.


GIVE 'IM A BREAK, CAN'T YOU SEE HE'S BLIND?
OH GOD, I'M SORRY. SHOULD I HELP HIM SIT?
BUDDY, I THINK HE KNOWS HOW TO SIT DOWN, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE.


MOMMY? DO BLIND PEOPLE HAVE EYES OR JUST HOLES?
SHUSH!
OH! I APOLOGIZE FOR MY LITTLE GIRL'S...
NO HARM DONE.
HORROR, DISGUST, PITY...
...SLEEP.
CLATA-CLAKA-CLATA-CLAKA
KLAKITY-CLAK-CLAK
OOOH! COOL!
OH DEAR, HONEY-- IT'S NOTHING TO BE HAPPY ABOUT, IT'S A SAD THING.
WHAT IS IT?

A PLANE CRASHED, OH, WOW, LOOK-- IT'S A GOVERNMENT PLANE!
THE AIR FORCE! GOSH, THE SMOKE!
WE'RE SPEEDING UP AGAIN, I GUESS WE'RE NOT GOING TO HELP.
HELP MUST BE ON THE WAY.
KUKLANKA-KUKLANKA
MIDDLE OF NOWHERE, MILES FROM A TOWN.
MILES FROM THE CITY OF REVENGE.
MILES FROM KAREN.
POOSH!
NO. THINK SMALL. REALM OF THE SENSES.
WET WIND, FREEZING ON MY CHEEKS.
THE QUIET CRUNCH OF SNOW UNDER-FOOT.
LIFE BY THE INCH, NOT THE MILES.

SMOKE, FIRE, GASOLINE.
NO DEATH. I DON'T SMELL DEATH, YET.
HIS SKIN FELT SCARRED, WEATHERED, HE'S HEAVY.
PLUMP BUT MUSCULAR. LATE 40'S, RAVAGED BY LIFE.
HEART RATE NORMAL.
HEY, WHAT THE HECK--?!
WACK!
PLEASE SIR, DON'T HIT ME!
EH? OH, HECK, YER BLIND. HAHAHAHA! SORRY ABOUT THE PUNCH.
NO HARM...
BK-
TOOM


GUESS I NEEDED A VALVE JOB, EH?
HEY PAL, THIS IS YOUR LUCKY DAY--
YOU SAVED MY LIFE.
MY LUCKY DAY?
'SCUSE ME A SEC.
LEFT MY TOOTH-BRUSH ON THE PLANE.
SMELLS OF GUNS... AND COCAINE. ON A GOVERN-MENT PLANE?
WHAT DID YOU SALVAGE?
BAGS OF JUNK FOOD, RADIO EQUIP-MENT. THE REST CAN BURN.
ARE YOU ON FIRE?
WHAT? OH, YEAH. GUESS SO. NO PROBLEM.
WAP WAP
WHAT LUCK. A BLINDMAN WHO CAN'T SEE THE DRUGS SPILLED AT HIS FEET. ALMOST FUNNY.
HEY, LOTSA SNOW AROUND HERE.
YUP.
HAHAHAHAHA.
WAS THAT YOUR PLANE?
YEAH. PRIVATE CRAFT. INSURED.
WHAT THE HECK IS A BLINDMAN DOIN' BUMPING AROUND HERE, MILES FROM NOWHERE?

WALKING TO THE NEXT TOWN.
GOT FRIENDS THERE?
NOPE.
JOB.
NOPE.
YOU GOT ANY CASH?
A LITTLE.
CAN YOU FIX THINGS? HANDYMAN STUFF?
YES, I'M VERY GOOD WITH MY HANDS. THEY'RE MORE SENSITIVE TO COMPENSATE FOR MY BLINDNESS.
I COULD USE A MAN LIKE YOU.
A MAN WHO SEES NOTHING. HA HA.
HERE, I RUN A FARM UP NORTH. MEET ME THERE IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS.
MEANTIME, HERE'S MY DAUGHTER BRANDY'S NUMBER. SHE'LL PUT YOU UP, HELP YOU.
HERE, FARM'S NAMED AFTER HER. SHE'S NAMED AFTER MY FAVORITE DRINK.
BRANDY'S
Gently Killed
Chicken Farm
914-555-3611
WHY THE GENEROSITY?
I TOLD YOU, THIS IS YOUR LUCKY DAY. YOU SAVED THE RIGHT MAN'S LIFE.
A MAN WHO RUNS DRUGS FOR THE GOVERNMENT.
NO, DON'T THINK, DON'T CARE.
FORGET THE BIG PICTURE.
REMEMBER THE INCHES. BUBBLE GUM ON GUN MOUNTS.
KAREN'S DRESS BURNING.
GENTLY KILLED CHICKENS. THE FEEL OF THE WIND ON MY CHEEKS.
TAKE LIFE BY THE INCH, FORGET THE LONG MILE.
End.